## INDIA'S WILD BEES.

One of the Greatest Dangers to Which Travelers in Asia are Exposed. Of all the many dangers to which the wandering sportsman and traveler in the wilds of India is exposed the most singular is that of being attacked and stung to death by a legion of the large brown honey bee, called in the vernacular language "Sarung." This fero-cious insect needs no greater provocation than the report of a gun, the smoke of a camp-fire, or even the fracture of his huge pendulous home by a gust of wind! He prefers the vicinity of water, and hangs his honey receptacle to the sides of steep cliffs, though inaccessible structures of masonry, such as the arches of city gates, bridges and palaces, in in-

habited places, are often selected for his stronghold. I remember at one gateway of Lucknow the heavy combs long existed without any hurt to the passengers; they grew in size and weight till they were dislodged by a high wind; then the winged army assaulted every living thing it met. A proclamation was issued by beat of drum that no man or beast could pass that way, and this state of siege lasted three days, the shops being closed. Recently a horde of this muchdreaded insect has established itself on a railway viaduct in Central India. Printed notices are circulated that the passengers must close their windows before arrival at the spot, the noise and vibration rendering these bees very war-

. I have had many narrow escapes from the flying furies, and once had the satisfaction of seeing them turn their rage from me, who had just fired a heavy gun at close quarters into a big buffalo, to the animal himself as he rushed headlong into the swarming masses crawling up the trunk of an ancient tree. Such a sight as I shall never see again was the dusky cloud of swift avengers descending on that bull's body, clad in stingproof hide. With tail in air and head lowered, the ponderous quadruped was galloping over the bowlder-spread arm of a river, dashing heavy stones around his hoofs in a hasty retreat to the dense forest. I, too, had betaken myself into leafy concealment, through which I speedily ran away. Many and unextally) have I known, for these bees give no quarter. When their victim jumps into a river, they hover over the surface till he reappears, and then simultaneously swarm on his head; hence men are often drowned.

Here is a sample of the disasters the for a fresh iron. angry tenants of an old colony can inflict: A troop of horse artillery had arrived in a pleasant, grove to encamp in said Lottie, as the mother returned. "I his skill.

After a rived in a pleasant grove to encamp in course of march. The men were busily occupied in preparing for their rest, and had begun to picket their horses, when the smoke from a cook's fire annoyed an unseen bee haunt; as usual, the irascible inmates swooped down on every intruder, biped and quadruped. There was a general skedaddle. Man and horse bolted across the plains, some of the horses throwing themselves down. and in their agonies smashing the saddles on their backs, many of them not being caught for twenty-four hours.

Yet the aboriginal men, called Ghoods, in the Nerbuddah districts, possess the art of taking those great honeycombs hanging in such tempting profusion along the precipices along the rivers, slinging themselves by rude ropes of twisted bark, which, to my eye, looked very hazardous. I did not venture to at- with wan delight. "I was just wishing for tend as an eye-witness, but was in- you.' formed that these men rub their naked bodies with the pounded leaves of Ocymum sanctum (Sacred Basil), and at the same time produce a smoke from some pungent herbs, under the fumes of which they carry on their operations to take her home with me, where she is to with impunity. The early dawn is the period chosen for the exploit. The honey is of excelent quality, and this, with the wax, constitutes a large article of trade for these wild men.-N. Y. Ledger.

## THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

Its Development Outlined by Deaf-Mute The sign language has found its greatest development in connection with the intellectual and religious advancement of deaf mutes, in which its efficacy has been abundantly proven. It is unequaled as a definer of words, since it the hands and fingers flash ideas upon attend to it."

the minds of deaf mutes with great clearness. They help them to the acquisition of another means of expressionwritten language-which is the real object of their being sent to school. The impression on many minds is that they are sent there solely to learn the sign language. The sigh langauge is also unequaled as a means of conducting public worship for deaf mutes. It is far more distinct to the eyes than the motions of the lips, which are really another form of the sign language. In lip reading it is impossible to catch every word of a rapid discourse, so that the words must be framed slowly on the lips. A discourse in this fashion is tedious, lifeless, unprofitable. The minds of the silent congregation are not stirred. In very decided contrast is the presentation of the same Gospel truths by the distinct and graceful gestures of a master. They are to deaf mutes what pleasing speech and sounds are to their hearing brethern. Deafness is more common than is generally supposed. One in every three grown persons has his hearing more or less impaired. By the "deaf," as a class, are usually meant only those who can not hear the voice. and who, having been thus disabled from birth or childhood, can not attend ordinary schools and must be taught by some special method. There are nearly 40,000 such people in the United States. They are commonly all called deaf mutes, but this name properly applies to those only who can not speak. In nearly every instance however, especially if the hearing is lost in childhood, or the person afflicted has been disabled from birth, the speech rarely re them. Being oblivious of what is being said to them, except in the sign language, they naturally contract the habit of using the same method to reply, and

-A bundle of spider-webs not larger than a buck-shot and weighing less than one drachm, would, if straightened out and untangled, reach a distance of 350 miles, or farther than St. Louis to Kan-

so very seldom make use of speech that

it becomes lost to them .- St. Louis

Globe-Democrat.

## Fron County Register ISABEL

rom Shop to Mansion.

The Romantic Story of a Dress Maker's Rise in Life.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

[Copyrighted, 1889.]

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED. "And so you met Mrs. Monteith in Philadelphia," laughed Mrs. Stanford, "and she doubtless thought she was showing me a favor in crushing you." Mrs. Stanford forgot that Mrs. Monteith

"Really, I must contrive to let her hear this delightfully romantic story of yours."
Mrs. Stanford looked at it in a mercenary and social light only, while Isabel's heart was full of the sweet, strange joy of having found out the long-sought knowledge of her parentage, and she changed the subject by telling her sister in-law her plan in re gard to Lottie Ford. The lady was in a

facetious humor, and cried, gayly: "I shall expect to hear next that you and Harvey have started an orphan asylum, or at the least an invalid's retreat," and she laughed heartily at the brilliancy of her idea. "But really, joking aside," she added, more seriously, "it will be nice for Gracie if the girl is intelligent and refined, and of course you would not think of the thing otherwise." "My dear sister, if you could only recover

from the idea that a person is necessarily vulgar and ill bred simply because she is poor," said Isabel, with a deprecating

"Oh, mother, if you only knew how hard it is for me to lie here and see you doing so much for me." The speaker was Lottie Ford; she lay upon the lounge, in the one room which answered for sitting-room, dining-room and parlor, and watched the patient mother as she polished the bosom of a fine shirt she was ironing, for Mrs. Ford was obliged to do a great deal of fine laundry work now that Lottie was sick and the expenses heavier.

She was a small, spare woman, with Lottie's gentle spirit reflected in her thin face; it had been pretty once, in the days long, long ago, when Mr. Ford, then a thrifty mechanic, brought her to a cozy nest called home, and for many years they were so happy, and the wolf-poverty-kept a respectful distance from their door.

Then trouble came in the form of sickness and death, and two lovely children were laid in the grave, and Lottie had the fall which resulted in her lameness, and the little mother was glad to turn her faculty for fine ironing to advantage in helping along, for Mr. Ford, though the kindest and pected accidents (sometimes ending fa- most willing of men, was no longer young

and strong. "Don't fret, Lottie," she said, as she fitted the bosom-board into another shirt. "Let us be thankful that I can get the work to do; if I could only see you getting better I could work with a light heart." And she sighed as she went into the little kitchen "How I wish I might hear from Isabel,"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ford, "that basket of fruit and flowers she sent you cheered and helped you better than a half-dozen doctors'

"Doubtless she has too many interests in her new life to think of poor Lottie very often, though," sighed the daughter. At that very moment Mrs. Stanford's own

elegant carriage was at the front of the shabby tenement house, and Isabel, her face aglow with the delight of meeting her friend again, ran up the stairs, and, as the door was ajar, she stepped in without knocking, and before Lottie could quite comprehend who or what it was, she had her arms around the poor, pale little figure, crying joyfully: "Lottie, you darling, precious little Lottie, I have come to take you home with me!

CHAPTER VIII. "Isabel, dear Isabel, is it indeed you? and Lottie looked in the face of her friend

"Yes, Mrs. Falconer, Lottie has really pined for you," said Mrs. Ford, as she took sabel's hand in hers, and locked up into the bright face with a wistful expression. "Then she shall pine no longer," replied Isabel, with a happy smile, "for I have come grow well and strong again, little mother," and she patted the wrinkled hand in her's coaxingly, for she knew there would be a struggle in the loving mother heart before

she could consent to her going. "Home with you, Isabel!" exclaimed Lottie, her pinched face lighting up with the "If you are at all able to be moved," and Isabel took a low seat by Lottie's side and

explained her plans. "How can I let her go," said Mrs. Ford, "she's the very light of my eyes," and the tears rolled down her cheeks at the thought. "I know it, Mrs. Ford, but think of the advantages; the best of medical attendance, plenty of out-door air, when she is able to go out, and a permanent and easy is a pictorial language. The motions of situation as soon as she is well enough to

"It will be a grand thing for her," replied Mrs. Ford, more cheerfully, "and I am sure her father will be so thankful, for he has worried so much because we could not do for her as we wished." "And now, dear, when do you think we

can go?" "Whenever you wish, Isabel," replied Lottie, her eyes full of content at the pros-



pect of the pleasant change. "I have but little packing to do; blessed be nothing, you know, when it comes to a moving day." "I'm afraid Lottie will cut a poor figure in your handsome home," said Mrs. Ford, with a sigh, her eyes involuntarily resting

"Now, little mother, I forbid one sigh in this matter," cried Isabel. "Lottie is to be under my authority for the next year, and ers and books lavishly. se to load her down with pretty wrappers, and the like, I shall brook no in- as she sat on the lounge in Lottie's room, Lilly, and the first offering which had been terference; but there is yet one question to settle. Do you think, Lottie, dear, you can travel with my assistance, or shall I send for Mr. Falconer; he wished me to, in "Let me do it, Mrs. Dwight," s

send for Mr. Falconer; he wished me to, in case you needed a gentleman's care."

"Mr. Falconer! Do you mean to say, Isabel, that your husband would come to New York to help take care of a poor girl whom he has never seen in his lifet" and Lottie raised herself on one elbow and looked in her friend's face in her surprise.

"You do not know Mr. Falconer," and there was a world of pride and respect in her voice. "I do mean just that, but if you could ride to the depot in Mrs. Stanford's case."

"Let me do it, Mrs. Dwight," said Lottie, eagerly. "Time hangs heavy on my hands, and I would be so glad to have something with which to busy myself."

"The very thing," answered Mrs. Dwight; "and I can assure you, Miss Ford, that if you can do such work you will find plenty to fit, for we unfortunate ladies, who are martyrs to society, have very little time for fancy work."

"Lottie will be only too happy, I am sure," said Isabel, "for she is such an alarmingly to said Isabel, "for she is such an alarmingly t

arriage, wit's your father to assist you into the train, Mr. Falconer will meet us at me with our carriage, which is a very

easy one."
"I'm sure I can," said Lottie; she was looking brighter and better already, and she tried her strength carefully and hopefully.
"Can you walk at all?" as Lottle raised

herself on the lounge.
"With the aid of my crutches," and she fitted them under her slender arms and walked a few steps "Then if you think you can be ready we will start to-morrow afternoon and I will telegraph to Mr. Falconer to meet us," re-

plied Isabel; "and as railway officials are so kind to ladies, and especially invalid ladies, have no doubt we shall get along nicely." "The Lord will bless you, Mrs. Falconer,"

said Mrs. Ford, following her to the hall below, "nothing could be more opportune for Lottie, and though I shall miss her so had but shown the same spirit she had hermuch, I am very grateful," and tears gathered in her eyes again. "Mrs. Ford," and Isabel looked affection ately at the loving little woman, "I should be ungrateful, indeed, if I did not use the great blessings which have come to me for

> assured it is a delight, both to Mr. Falconer and myself, to do this for Lottie," and she waved her hand with a smile at the pale little woman as the carriage drove away.
>
> Mr. Ford entered thankfully into the plan with a full heart when he came home to dinner; the news spread like wildfire through the house that Lottie was to go away and live with a rich friend who was to do all for her that her parents were too poor to do,

more than my own selfish pleasure; rest

and they all rejoiced in her good fortune. All these humble neighbors were more or ess interested in the pale little invalid, who had in her days of comparative strength been a blessing to all of them in turn, aed now that she was going away they were anxious to add a mite from their scanty stores to aid in her preparations.

One brought in a collar, another a piece of oright ribbon, and when Mrs. McCarthy came bringing a white apron ironed to the ast degree of nicety and her only article of luxury, Lottie could not refrain from tears. Some were only able to offer assistance, and busy hands helped to put the slender wardrobe in perfect order and pack the litle trunk, and when Mrs. Stanford's carlage again drove to the door Lottie was selped down the stairs by strong, willing hands, eager to help, and hearty good wishes ollowed her from the humble home.

"Shure, mim, an' Miss Lottie 'll come back to yees as well and strong as any body belikes," said Mrs. McCarthy, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron; "bless her wate heart, an' may all the saints bless the good leddy that gives her the chance." Mr. Falconer was in the train nearly as

soon as it stopped, and his greedy eyes sought for Isabel. "My dear, dear wife," he whispered, fond y, as he pressed her hand. 'And this is Miss Lottie, of whom I have heard so much." and he took the little inralid's stender hand in his strong clasp. Has the journey fatigued you much?" "She has borne it wonderfully," said Isael, answering for her. As soon as the invalid was sufficiently

called. He was a comparatively young physician, but he had made a specialty of this class of diseases, and had already per; formed some remarkable cures in the city, and Mr. Falconer had great faith in

careful inquiry into the cause and progress of the disease, he, to Isabel's great delight, gave a most favorable opinion, in case his directions were implicitly followed. "But, Miss Ford, you will have to do a

great deal of resting," he said, with a glance of authority from under his shaggy eyebrows. "If you heat your blood and irritate the sore by over-exercise I can not anwer for the consequences."

He had great black eyes and heavy eyerows, and might have passed for a pirate if his smile had not been so thoroughly cindly, lighting up his whole face and bringing out two good-natured dimples; he had an odd habit of running his fingers up through his hair when he was in any way perplexed or annoyed, leaving his rather stubby black locks sticking up straight like "Indeed, Dr. Conroy," said Isabel,

shall be only too willing to see that your directions are carried out, for really her mbition is really reprehensible." "Then I appoint you guardian to see that am obeyed," giving minute directions for

treatment. There was a sound of hammering and a nysterious going on in the room adjoining trip upawkward gentlemen." he home room for a day or two, and then sabel and Mr. Falconer assisted Lottie up the stairs and ushered her into it, with the

information that it was hers. Isabel had followed her idea of her friend's character in its furnishings. White and blue were the predominating tints, and purity itself was personified; a deep-cushoned lounge, a large invalid's wheel chair, bright, cheerful pictures, books, and everywhere delicate white laces and azure ribbons wherever they could be used.

In an airy alcove a dainty bed was made up, and curtained off with lace, and at its ead, in easy reach of her hand, a little cabinet in which her medicines and lotions

"Now, my dear little invalid," said Isabel. 'let me see how you look in your chair." "Oh, Isabel!" was all surprised Lottie ould say, as she sank down into the soft cushions of her chair.

"You see we were selfish in doing this," aid Isabel, speaking rapidly so that Lottie could have no opportunity for formal hanks, and indeed there was no need, for he eloquent face told all that the lips would nave spoken, "for we vished you to spend your evenings with us in our room, and we can wheel you back and forth when you are not able to walk, you see."

"It is so lovely," said Lottie, looking at Mr. Falconer with grateful eyes. "I wonder," she added, reflectively, "if it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

"It is very pleasant to give, I assure you," he replied, answering her look with a smile. "I don't imagine that man who hid his talent in a napkin to have been a very happy man,

do you, Miss Ford!" Mr. Falconer had received Isabel's comnunication in regard to her birth with pleased surprise, and had heartily approved of all she had done for Mrs. Harmon; he had never been what is termed a benevolent man, yet it was not from a lack of heart, and when Isabel showed a disposition to be unselfish and helpful to others he fell in

line heartily and cheerfully. The first Mrs. Falconer had been a quiet little woman who did not allow her right hand to know what her left hand did, and having a fortune of her own, she dispensed her charities silently, and Mr. Falconer had no opportunity of entering into them, but Isabel, who had never been accustomed to the lavish use of money, could not use his purse for the benefit of others, however freely offered, without his knowledge and co-operation, and so with her his benevolent instincts were brought out and cultivated to their mutual profit and pleasure.

friends, though she had now many callers and passing acquaintances, and these ladies took up Lottie and made a great deal of the patient little girl, bringing her fruits, flow-

Mrs. Colonel De Long and Mrs. Dwight

continued to be Isabel's most intimate

"I do wish," said Mrs. Dwight one day "that I knew of some one whom I could get to crochet me one of those delicate shawls

" Let me do it, Mrs. Dwight," said Lottie

industrious person that she is positivel miserable unless her hands are busy." Sh well knew this opportunity of earning would do much toward making Lottic contented and cheerful. It was a happy suggestion, and the ladies kept her busy from

that time, and Lottie was perfectly happy as her nimble fingers wrought dainty, beautiful things with the ivory hook and soft wools, and better still, her plaintively lean pocket-book began to grow plump and round with the results of her labor. "If I can only buy mother a nice black dress for Christmas, and father the large print Bible he has needed so long, I shall be so happy," said Lottie.

The fever sore was slowly yielding to Dr. Conroy's skillful treatment and Lottie could walk much more easily than at first. "Ido believe that Dr. Conroy is beginning to take a more than professional interest in Lettie," said Isabel one day, as she and Mr.



NOW, MY DEAR LITTLE INVALID."

Falconer were driving in the park Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely if-?" and she looked up at him with a knowing smile. "Am I to discover another unexpected talent in my wife?" he said, laughingly, as he looked down at her face, "the talent of match making?" "I think not," she replied; "there are

some matches which make themselves." "Like ours, for instance." "Yes, like ours," she answered, a little absently; "do you know I have not quite

recovered from the surprise of it yet?" "Well, I have," he answered, gayly. "It seems the most natural thing in life that you should be here by my side, and as if I had known you always. By the way, we have cards to a brilliant reception at Mrs. Belmond's next week; I suppose it is to be one of the social events of the season." "Shall we go!" "I think so," he replied; "the cream of

the city will be there, and some whom I should like to have you meet. I should not like to have my wife eclipsed in the line of dress," he added, after a pause. "Which remark indicates another visit to

Mme. Morand, I suppose," she said, ested from the journey Dr. Conroy was quickly. "What an advantage you gentlemen have over us ladies. When you contemplate a festivity you are not obliged to rack your brains for a new design in broadcloth."

"Then you do not consider the possession of fine clothing the chief aim m life." "To be sure there is a certain pleasure in selecting beautiful materials and having them made up artistically and well, but in the abstract, how foolish it seems to have a dozen dresses, where two or three would answer every purpose."

dear, there are a great many queer things in life-the unequal distribution of wealth, for instance. While you are sighing over the necessity of getting up a new costume which you do not need, your poor neighbor may be shedding real tears of distress over the lack of means to get the one dress which she does need pitifully, and so the world goes. In the abstract, the 'all things in common' rule, practised in New Testament times, is the true one, but in actual experience, in our time of hurry and greed, it would produce a worse muddle than we have now.

"The requirements of fashion are snother abstract nuisance," said Isabel, laughing. "It seems such utter nonsense that I must put enough rich material to trim my poor neighbor's dress lavishly into a bungling, unnecessary train, which serves no purpose whatever except to get in the way and

There is one fashionable folly which I hope my wife will never give up to," he said, gravely. "I notice with pleasure that you have not as yet appeared in public with bared neck and arms."

She blushed rosily. "Pray do not think, Mr. Falconer, that I could be so lost to all sense of delicacy as to appear in a promiscuous crowd of people dressed in such s manner. I assure you I blush for my sex when I see such exhibitions, and I believe it is at the bottom of a great deal of the laxness and immorality to be found in our fashionable life."

"I do not doubt it," he replied, heartily. "I believe many a scandal in high life may be traced to this unwomanly folly for its origin, and it ought never to be seen outside of the slums or variety theaters; shamelessness is to be expected there." "I am glad you agree with me," said Isabel, "and I wish you would carry your good taste a little farther, and tell me what

to purchase for this occasion." Since you speak of it, I noticed a piece of velvet brocade in a delicate shade of lavender gray, at Hoags, which I thought at the time would make up beautifully." "There, now, you are developing unexpected traits," she said, laughing merrily;

I had no idea that you were so much of a man milliner." He retorted smilingly: "Let us go into a partnership business; you to make matches, I to design the wedding garments."

A little kindergarten outfit had been pro cured for Gracie, and these were placed in Lottie's room, and many happy hours were spent there by the young teacher and her little pupil, who never wearied of the pretty contrivances by which she was learning the rudiments of more advanced study.

Lottie had become much attached to the

little girl, and her affection was fully re-ciprocated by the affectionate child, who delighted in waiting upon her and taking the steps which still caused Lottie such pain and weariness. They were engaged with the simple lessons when Isabel returned from her ride,

and Gracie was bending over her little desk engaged in a problem in addition wrought by means of pegs stuck in the holes of a gaily painted board. "What a studious pair we are," said Isabel, coming in with ruddy cheeks from

the bracing October air. "Mamma, there has been a man in our room while you were gone," said Gracie, looking up from her work gleefully; the home room was spoken of as our room be-

cause each felt an ownership in it.
"A man!" replied Isabel, in some sur prise; "what an unheard-of proceeding." "You had better investigate the matter," said Lottie, demurely, and Isabel, in obe dience to the hint, rose and went in at once Mr. Falconer was there before her, and hanging upon the wall in the best light the room afforded was a picture, the exact counterpart of the one chosen for Ralph and made to the home shrine since it had been

ITO BE CONTINUED. The Age of Trees. The average natural age of the oak is from 1,500 to 2,000 years; of the elm, 850 to 500 years; the maple, 600 to 800 years; the yew tree, largest of all, 2,500 to 3,000 years; the cedar, 800; linden, 1,200, and the cypress 350. There are trees now standing believed to be more than 5,000 years old.

Orngon has probably doubled her popula-tion during the last ten years.

ODDITIES OF MORMONISM.

Baptism for the dead is one of the pe culiar ordinances of Morm, mism. It illustrates well the extreme realism to which these people carry their religion. Among the more devout there are many who have been baptized for their dead relatives. To do this they assume the names and go through the ceremon for immersion. It is salvation by proxy, so to speak. The church sanctions it the method for enabling those who died before this new dispensation to enjoy grace under it. Sometimes the Mormons carry the idea so far as to make the Gentile smile. John Schofield is a converted infidel who used to preside at Charles Bradlaugh's meetings in England. He says he has been baptized for thirty of his dead relatives. This required thirty performances of the cer-emony. The ordinance is administered only in the temples. Certain days are set apart for each of the ordinances. Schofield went to Logan and remained there two weeks while going through the thirty baptisms. This man was an atheist of the most settled and pronounced type for many years in England. Yet he is to-day a thorough Mormon, and speaks of the mystic rites and peculiar ordinances with the greatest respect and confidence.

In going through the baptism for dead relative the candidate must furnish the full name and the date of death or of birth. Both dates are better if they can be obtained. This is for the identification in the next world of the person saved. There might be two persons of the same name, but there could hardly be two persons of the same name and of the same date of birth or death.

The most remarkable application of the principle of baptism for the dead is that made by President Wilford Woodruff, the venerable head of the church That indefatigable old gentleman colected the names of 3,000 of his ancestors and other relatives who died before the angel Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith. He went through the ordinance of baptism for the 3,000 dead. But not satisfied with that he desired to have the endowment ceremony performed for them. Baptism is a brief ceremony compared with getting endowments. President Woodruff was an apostle at the time this problem confronted him. He had been placed in charge of the temple at St.

"When we commenced work in the temple," said President Woodruff, in telling the story, "I began to reflect: 'How can I redeem my dead? I have some 3,000 names of the dead who have been baptized for, and how can I get endowments for them?' I had none of my family there, and if they had been there they would not have been able to get endowments for so many. While praying to the Lord to show me how to redeem daughters of Zion in St. George to come into the temple of the Lord and get their endowments for your dead, and it Lord.' This filled my soul with joy. "Looking at things in the abstract, my I saw that it opened a field as wide as eternity for the salvation of our dead and the redemption of man. On my birthday, the day that I was seventy years old, 154 sisters at St. George went into the temple to get endowments for the same number of the female portion of my dead. This principle was received by President Young and adopted from that hour. Through the kindness of friends I have had nearly 2,000 of my dead receive endowments in the temple. Thousands of others have received en-

dowments in the same way." This redemption by proxy has been carried outside of family relations. President Woodruff has gone through with these ordinances for George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and other Presidents of the United States who died without having had the opportunity to embrace the Mormon faith.-Utah Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## MANAGEMENT OF MEN.

How Great Leaders Control Those Who Come in Contact with Them. When Alexander Pope wrote "The proper study of mankind is man," he gave expression to a far-reaching truth, llustrated every day. To understand man in his various moods, to be able to control and guide him, is to be a king mong men. Self-control is the first fruit of study rightly carried on, and then follows the control of others-not as an exacting master, but as guide and friend. The leaders in business, in polihad permission to send his mule as a tics, in war, the men who attain emisubstitute. The boss called the boys nence in the active affairs in which together, and asked them to vote on my large numbers are associated, although ase, as to whether or not to excuse me. they may not have set out to make a study of man, and may, in fact, be unconscious of their attainments, have nevertheless acquired a knowledge of themselves, which gives them self-control, and a knowledge of the moods, impulses and weaknesses or others that enables them to take control as leaders. Such power is not necessarily associated with a high degree of culture in other directions, nor, on the other hand, does the possession of general intelligence necessarily include this power. The ing one of that intimate associa-

contrary is very frequently the case, literary culture arising from a close study of books, deprivtion which is essential to a knowledge of their dispositions, emotions and passions. Even the books that "hold the mirror up to nature" present but a partial and imperfect view of man. The true student must go to nature herself for instruction. It is this circumstance that the success of this man or the failure of that by those who fail to consider the great value of a study of man to those who would be guides or leaders, or who are called upon to manage large bodies servation or experience when to humor, when to command, and how to play upon of others so as to get them to do his bidding, has mastered the greatest of all by the same culpable cause. Good citiupon a pipe is indeed simple. There are care to be bothered with these matters uide or drive others. They of defects in their scholastic training, while their better educated rivals, lackany attempts to make man a school

this respect to formally begin the student in their own person as in that of other Self-study is always useful, for it co velops unexpected weaknesses that may be corrected if there is a disposition t improve, and it at least give sugges tions as to the weaknesses of others, through which they may be controled or managed. When Hamlet, having vainly importuned Guildenstein to play spon the pipe, throws it upon the floor, he ex-

would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my com-pass, and there is much music, excelent voice in this little organ, yet can not you make it." In that passage a strong figure of speech is presented, illustrating what may be done by those who have made a proper study of marking. They can play upon humanity as skillfully as the musician plays upon the pips. Guil-denstein lacked knowledge more than Hamlet lacked advancement, but there were doubtless others even in that day who could have sounded Hamlet from his lowest note to the top of his comhim. At all events, the ruder instruments represented by common men may be played upon, and it is those who have made the study recommended by Pope who do play upon them; and become leaders among men. It is a study that all can undertake; the subjects are in-numerable, and the guide-book to them all is ever present in the student's own person.—Baltimore Sun. SOME LARGE THINGS.

A Potato Weighing Fifty-Five Ounces

J. C. Jones, of Albany, N. Y., has raised a potato of the Burtiank seedling variety weighing 55 ounces—nearly three pounds and a half. The tuber measures 17% inches one way and 11% the other

It might not be inappropriate to mention the sweet potato raised by James Smith, of Oquawka, Ill., in 1886. This luscious product of the vine weighed 221/2 pounds and was 18 inches in diame-

ter the small way. The Bodwell Granite Company, of Vinalhaven, Me., have quarried what is believed to be the largest single piece of stone ever detached through human agency. This monster obelisk is 115 feet long, 10 feet square at the base, the higher-priced trade deal almost extapering to 3 feet square at what one would naturally call the apex, and weighs 850 tons.

The largest Krupp guns weigh 119 tons. They are 46 feet long, have a caliber of 15% inches, and fire a shot weighing 2,314 pounds, with a muzzle velocity of 1,800 feet. At a distance of one mile the ball would penetrate a my dead the spirit of God rested upon of 28 inches. At a distance of three me and the voice of the Spirit said to miles its striking average is still 28,000-

foot tons. An American engineer; who has made which, extending from a centerhas calculated that the Chinese wall shall be acceptable unto me, saith the contains 18,000,000 cubic meters (about 6,350,000,000 cubic feet) of stone. The high, 3 feet thick at the bottom and 2 feet at the top.

The most powerful engine in the world s used at the zinc mines at Freidensville, Pa. It is fed by 16 boilers, which give it a 5,000-horse-power. If it be-comes necessary, the number of boilers may be doubled, which would give the iron monster a power equal to 10,000 horses. This gigantic engine is used for pumping water from the mines. Each revolution of the wheel raises 17,-500 gallons of water. The fly-wheels are 37 feet in diameter and weigh 40 tons each. Every day the engine works it consumes 28 tons of coal.—St. Louis Republic.

AN INTELLIGENT MULE. He Voted and Excused the Pedagogue from

An ex-school teacher tells a story which is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The Atlanta Constitution endeavors to give the details of how the mule voted as near in his own language as possible: "It was customary," said he, "for the teachers in the district to be excused from road duty by a vote of the hands present. Some of the boys in the neighorhood concluded that they would like to see me swing a pick and throw dirt with a shovel. On the morning in question, one of the hands who had been subpœned was away on a frolic, and

"One of my friends made the point that the mule was a substitute for a hand, and therefore had the right of suffrage. The boss decided that it had, and had all the boys to form a line in the middle of the road, with the mule in the gang. Then he proclaimed: "'All that are in favor of excusing the

teacher will step off to the right of the road, and all opposed to the left." "Well, to the chagrin of the boys that wanted me to work, the mule took to the right. The vote then stood one in

my favor.'" MUNICIPAL DISTRESS.

It Is Due to the Selfishness of the Sc Called "Better Classes. The race for wealth is often run at the cost of a neglect of the public ininterests which it is the duty of citizens sometimes gives rise to wonderment at to concerve and promote. Men are so busy with their personal affairs that they have no time for those of the community. These, therefore, must either be wholly neglected, or they must go into the hands of those who take them of men. He who learns by study, ob- up and work them with no end in view but that of selfish agrandizement. The wail that comes up from cities and the hopes, ambitions, cupidity or fears towns over mismanagement, debt, disorder, etc., is an effect produced usually instruments, besides which the playing | zens, men of character and ability, do not men of this kind who, having special that involve so much trouble, and that aptitude for command, soon learn, un- especially call them off from their reguconsciously, it may be, how to lead, lar pursuits. They, therefore, go into the front in war, in politics and in busi- character nor ability. Property owners ness life, and succeed oftentimes in spite permit men without property—who of defects in their scholastic training, probably are without ability to accumulate or hold it-to become guardians of ing knowledge of men, fail altogether, all the interests which make their busior, if they rise above the ranks, gain ness safe or profitable. The result is only subordinate places. Until within mismanagement and corruption, the recent years there have been scarcely public and private loss that go with them, and then the complaint and study; nor is it to be expected that the study as now carried on will take the be effected. This is the history of place of experience in raising up managers of men. Yet it is worth while for those who find themselves deficient in byterian. STYLISH STATIONER

What Kinds of Paper Are O

patterns which appear on the surmo Parisiss note-sheets have not situltive popularity in this country that is have among Parisiss consumers. managed. When Hamlet, having vainly importuned Guildenstein to play spon the pipe, throws it upon the floor, he exclaims: "Why, look you now, how use worthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my sowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excelent question of time when such goods be-come popularized with the refined American belle, as they are now with fashion's volaries in France and many

The demand for the hand-made paper has made it permanent in the circles of high-class users, and considerable quan-tities are now made in this country, whereas fermerly the matesial could be obtained only abroad. The colors of delicate heliotrope or pure white are, perhaps, the most popular hues with the fastidious; and, while expensive, both in its production and the materials used in its manufacture, it is undoubtedly occupying too strong a place in the high artistic taste of the people to lose the hold it has gained upon them. The monogram, with its indefinite geo

metrical impossibilities, which no one read and few appreciated, is losing caste as a proper thing in pelite correspondence, and no longer appears in the forms of past seasons. It is entirely proper to adorn the upper left corner or centers of note sheets with coats-of-arms and crests, but the best of taste would seem to confine itself to the initial, unless an indisputed right to the armorial bearing can be shown.

Many beautiful tints are appearing in correspondence stationery, which are, however, no improvement upon those already seen, but the titles of which are extremely puzzling to remember. A vast variety of tints, each bearing an individual title, are practically inexhausti-ble, and such hues as celestial blue, caledonian gray, nectarine, primrose an flesh tints are still used.

The general tendency is undoubtedly toward handsome but plain styles, very ornate designs being entirely a matter of the past. Those dealers who cater to clusively in plain, unornamented paper, elegant simplicity being the standard aimed at by those fashionable people who have passed the shoddy period and discarded the loud and ornate styles of stationery.

Menu and name cards are not permissible unless hand-painted or etched and tinted by hand, while those Parisian piece of solid wrought-iron to a depth designs with French scenes are very

popular. A novel manner of designing the the subject a special study on the spot, flowers, and of a length sufficient to reach each guest's plate, bearing pretty little hand-painted designs. This style could furnish an idea to stationers for a material used in the construction of this menu design. Menus, at present, do not stupendous work would be sufficient to exhibit the variety and beauty of those build a wall around the globe 6 feet which appeared last season, excepting, perhaps, in those just from Paris, where richness and elegance, with an absence of loud colors, appear in exquisite de-signs and unique subjects on hand-made board, either etched or etched and tinted by hand in an inimitable manner.-

Art Stationer. RUSSIA'S NOBILITY.

The Genuine Article Consists of About a Dozen Famil Of all European countries Russia is the most prolific in the matter of Princes, and of late we have had several specimens of her Princes and Prin in this country. The real nobility of Russia consists of about a dozen families all of whom claim descent from the house of Rurik, who occupied the throne about a thousand years ago. The Gortchakoffs, of which family the late diplomat and statesman Prince Gortchakoff was a member, belong to this no-bility. So, also, do the Narischkins and the Dolgouroukis, to whom belongs the morganatic wife of the late Czar. Besides these there are thousands upon thousands of Princes and Princesses to be found in every walk of Russian life who have owned their elevation to the caprice of some one of Russia's rulers. Toward the close of the last century the custom of bestowing the high-sounding title of Prince on men of menial position became ridiculous, and it is related of the great Prince Souvaroff that on his return from a victorious campaign he was welcomed by the Emperor's grand chamberlain, who bore the title of Prince Suboff, but who had been a barber at the time of the beginning of "Well, the vote was taken and it was the war. Prince Souvaroff could not conceal his astonishment and disgust. He sent at once for his own barber and said to him: "There, Ivan, how often have I told you to stop drinking? If you would only follow my advice you

might become a Prince, as this may has."-Spectator. Bits of Abraham Lincoln

Among the papers of the late John W. Forney was found the other day a letter from B. B. French, under the date Washington, May 28, 1865, which gave fac-similes of some notes written by President Lincoln relative to his domestic affairs. One, sent to Mrs. Lincoln on the official paper of the Executive Mansion, was: "Mother—Please put somebody at work now on Tad's room. A. L." To this Mrs. Lincoln added a note to Mr. French, then Commissioner of Public Buildings, saying: "Please give Tad a board and some plank. Mrs. Lincoln." A card written by the President to Mr. French, on November 9, 1864, said: "If Commissioner of Public Buildings chooses to give laborers at the White House a holiday, I have no objection. A. Lincoln." The proposed "holiday" was to be given after the reelection of President Lincoln.-Philedelphia Press.

Permeability of Cements Experience has shown that brick tunsels and drains can not be made water tight when exposed to considerable pressure, as water is forced through not only the bricks, but the cements and mortars. In experiments last year by Mr. J. B. Francis, about fourteen gallons of water per square foot of surface passed through a thickness of nearly sixteen inches of cement in twenty-four hours, under a pressure of seventy-seven pounds per square inch. Other engineers have concluded that it is not practicable to build a tight bulkhead of cement-laid bricks when the pressure exceeds sixty-four pounds per square inch.—Arkansaw Traveler.

-Queen Victoria is said to have real estate investments in New York will pay her a handsome income.